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HISTORY OF WILFORT.

MR. WILFORT was born in London, his father was a wealthy merchant, died when he was about a year old, and his mother survived him but a few months. His nearest relation became his guardian, and carried the Orphan with him, he knows not upon what account, to Jamaica, where he died when Wilfort was about sixteen years of age. Left to himself, wild and uneducated, he ran into some extravagancies, which disgusting the few friends he had on the island, they cast him off, and he embarked for England; the ship in which he sailed was taken by an Algerine corsair, and he was sold to slavery. The miseries he endured for above two years from a cruel master, tempted him to turn Mahometan, to procure his liberty; and, by the favor of the English Consul, he got leave to return to his native country.

"Poor, friendless, and ignorant, he arrived in London, and set about inquiring for some of those persons whom he had occasionally heard his guardian mention as his relations; but they, with one consent, disclaimed any knowledge of him, denied his identity, and threatened to punish him as an impostor, if he pursued his claim; declaring they had the strongest proofs, that the person

he pretended to be, had been dead above three years.

"Driven almost to despair by the inhumanity of his relations, and sinking under the immediate pressure of want, he entered as a common sailor on board a ship bound for America, without even inquiring the particular port she was destined to. During the voyage, his ignorance in navigation became the sport of his brutal companions, and occasioned his receiving the most cruel treatment from his Captain. As they drew near the Isthmus of Panama, a violent storm arose; all hands were employed, and the unfortunate Wilfort, by some unlucky, though well-meant manœuvre, had nearly overset the ship. His error was quickly perceived by one of his companions, who felled him with a blow to the deck, from which he was almost instantly washed off by an immense wave. All recollection forsook him from that moment, 'till he found himself lying upon the sea-shore, almost expiring with hunger and fatigue.

"Miserable as he then was, the love of life which Providence has wisely implanted in all his creatures, prompted him to crawl as far as he was able, in search of food. The strand was strewed with shell-fish and a variety of sea-fowls' eggs; he ate and recovered his strength. The first reflection he made upon his melancholy situation afforded

him a kind of gloomy joy at being released from the society of men, whom he could not help considering as the most cruel and ferocious of animals: and for some days he wandered about the shore without wishing ever to behold a human being. He at length, however, grew weary of his dreary solitude, and found himself impelled, by a secret impulse, to travel further into the country, in search of what he had so lately wished to avoid, the converse of his fellow-creatures.

"In about fifteen days after, passing through immense woods, whose trees afforded him the only food he had by day, or shelter from the night, he arrived near the bottom of those famous mountains called the Cordeliers, and in that spot first found the mark of human footsteps, by perceiving some degree of cultivation in one particular spot. As he advanced with curious eyes and trembling pace, he beheld a hut formed of turf, covered with eglantine and ivy, and surrounded with a small enclosure, in which were planted magnolias, dates, ananas, the wild pear, and the peach, and numberless others of the beauties and bounties of Nature. But what the more delighted his enraptured gaze, was the venerable figure of a man far advanced in life, whose silver beard reached almost to his knees, yet was his front unwrinkled, and his brow serene, nor did his body bear the marks of decrepitude; light was his step, and affable his mien, as he ascended from a crystal spring, where he had been to slake his moderate thirst. At the sight of such a miserable, squalid figure as Wilfort, the venerable Kador started some paces back, and seemed as if escaping from the view. The young man instantly exclaimed, "O my father! if your heart does not belie the humanity and benevolence of your expressive countenance, deign to cast your eyes upon the most forlorn and wretched being they have ever beheld, who has been pursued by ill fortune from his birth, and must perish in this vast desert, unless your charity relieve his fate."

The voice of misery is ever eloquent; the Hermit was affected at the sound; he turned towards the Child of Calamity, and his eyes overflowed with compassion, while he pressed him to his bosom in silence. Wilfort attempted to apologize for having given the Hermit concern, but his words were choaked by his sighs, and his utterance became unintelligible: "My son (said Kador) both your mind and body seem to want repose; come into my hut, and there you shall receive both food and rest."

The calm which Wilfort felt in his mind, from knowing that he slept in safety, wrought a visible change in his appearance, even by the following day, when he recounted to the Hermit all the misfortunes of his life. When he had finished his narrative, Kador replied, "I, like you, have felt sorrow; my youth was a prey to inquietude; like you, I complained of my fate, and exclaimed against the cruelty of men."

Fool that I was! I attributed the misfortunes which my weakness and dissipation brought upon myself, to the inhumanity of others; I did not then know the source of my sorrow was imaginary, and that real evil can only spring from the indulgence of tumultuous passions, which necessarily degenerate into vice. Adversity, if we receive it calmly, instead of an arrow, becomes a shield; the same earth which produces the poison wherewith the Indian warrior tips his arrow, brings forth also the antidote to repel its malignant influence.

O my son! let us be virtuous, cherish our brethren, love our Creator, adore his laws, and we shall be happy. The enjoyments of the mind are superior to those of the senses, nor can bodily ills alone make us completely wretched.—Thus preached the sensible Hermit of the valley: his words sunk deep into the wanderer's mind, and peace and virtue now first filled his breast.

Wilfort passed some years in uninterrupted tranquillity with his virtuous host. At length the hand of time weighed down the aged Kador; he fell like autumn fruit, without a winter's

storm. The grateful Wilfort with tears consigned his body to its kindred earth, and hoped to meet his spirit in the skies.

The Hermit's loss was deeply felt by Wilfort; the scenes he had before delighted in ceased to please; he found a void in his happiness, which the most beautiful objects of inanimate nature could not fill up: he wandered farther from his dwelling in search of what he could not hope to find, a human being.

One day that he had rambled beyond his former excursions, he was attracted onward by the bleating of sheep; he followed the sound till he reached a plain, where he not only beheld the objects of his present pursuit, but, to his unspeakable joy, he found them attended by a most beautiful female savage. He gazed on her with love and admiration; but the moment she saw him she gave a loud scream, and attempted to fly. He threw himself at her feet, and in her own language, which Kador had taught him, addressed her with the utmost tenderness. She seemed to listen with pleasure and surprise, then conjured him to be gone that moment, assuring him, that if her father, brothers, or any of her tribe should discover him, they would instantly put him to death, as they were sworn foes to all white men, because some of them had murdered her mother Nadine. He protested his innocence of such an horrid crime, and she readily pronounced him not guilty. They had many conversations of this sort. In one of them he staid 'till night came on; and when he informed Eumale of the distance from his dwelling, she shewed him a kind of grotto or cave, where he might safely pass the night, and promised to cheer him with her presence in the morning. The faithful maid was punctual to her word; at dawn of day she entered the cave, with such a provision of food as she could procure, to entertain her anxious guest. They had no sooner finished their repast, than she informed the adoring Wilfort that he must never more approach her presence, as her father had on the preceding night declared, that he would give her in marriage to the

warrior ORABSKI, who had so well revenged the murder of his beloved Nadine upon the Europeans, that he had returned from battle with thirteen rows of their teeth to ornament his crown. She added, that Orabski was the greatest hero of their tribe, but that she loved him not, for his heart was cruel, his eyes fiery, and his soul delighted in blood: But, alas! what avails my hate! Thaol, my father, must be obeyed. "I will throw myself at his feet (said Wilfort,) and soften his heart with my tears; and if you join in opposing this detested marriage, he will not be obdurate." "You may hope (replied Eumale) to remove these everlasting mountains with a sigh, as easily as to prevail on Thaol to change his purpose.—Wretch that I am (cried she,) he comes this moment, and you must die!"

At that instant an elderly, but robust savage entered the grotto: "Mighty Epamanon (said he,) I will again kiss the dust in the caverns of Ormon, in gratitude for this new sacrifice to the ghost of my dear Nadine!"—At these words he raised his pointed javelin against Wilfort. Eumale rushed into the warrior's arms, and saved the impending stroke: "My father, I conjure you (said she) by all that is sacred in the cave of Ormon, to spare this innocent stranger; he is good, he loves you, and has no fault but his unhappy resemblance to those you hate."—Wilfort interrupted Eumale, and with the greatest firmness addressed himself to Thaol: "I fear not death (said he) for I have often sought it: but I would not wish to die by the hand of Eumale's father, because it would afflict her tender heart. Love, not hate, has put me in your power; I adore your daughter, I detest the Europeans, and have fled from their inhumanity; I never designed evil against you, or any of your nation; and if you will bestow your daughter on me, I will set an example of filial duty to your other sons, and make her happiness the study of my life; but if your hatred cannot relent, and you resolve my death, strike—I will not defend a being, which must be miserable without Eumale."—

Surprise, at hearing himself addressed in his own language, first abated the fury of Thaol's vengeance, by inclining him to listen to sounds he did not expect; and the calm valor of Wilfort, joined to the silent eloquence of Eumale's tears, completed the conquest of his rage.—"Christian (said the Savage,) thou hast found the road to my heart, and hast conquered by not opposing me; but I cannot give my daughter to thee; I have promised her to Orabski, and never yet was Thagi, or any of his tribe, known to falsify their oath. But as I believe thee virtuous, from the contempt thou has shewn for death, come and dwell under our tents in safety, I will protect thee from outrage; thou mayest guard my flocks, and be happy. Follow me; or depart in safety."—Wilfort accepted with transport the offer which placed him near Eumale, and followed her father to his tent. The timid, but delighted maid, with downcast eyes, pursued their steps in silence. For above a month Wilfort remained in the tents of Thaol; he saw and conversed with his beloved Eumale every day; but their happiness was embittered by the approach of that sad one that was to divide them for ever: the roses fled from Eumale's cheeks, and the brightness of her eyes was dimmed by constant tears. Her father saw her sufferings with sorrow, but his word was sacred.

At length the fierce Orabski came to demand his bride—"She shall be thine (said Thaol,) for I have promised; but let me tell thee, Son, Eumale loves thee not, and for thy sake, as well as her's, I wish that thou shouldst find another wife amongst our tribe."

The enraged Orabski instantly replied, "will I wed the daughter of deceit! thou art a liar, Thaol—I despise Eumale; but beware my vengeance."—and immediately disappeared.

Soon after this, the good old Thaol completed the lovers' happiness by their union. Wilfort proposed to his father-in-law and wife, to visit his former dwelling, and to bring from thence many little conveniences which Kador's and

his own ingenuity had contrived to render life more comfortable. They agreed, and were delighted with the cultivation, and, to their ideas, elegance of the spot. When he had seated them in his little hut, he went to gather the choicest fruits which his demesne afforded, and wandered farther than he first proposed, in search of some peculiarly fine figs and oranges, which Kador had planted at various distances, to enhance their value, and increase his exercise.

But what words can express this horror, when at his return, he found Thaol weltering in his blood, and perceived that his Eumale was not in his dwelling! The good old Savage had but power to say, "This is Orabski's deed—He called me perjured villain! Thou knowest I would have given him my daughter had he required her hand, though well I know her death would have been the consequence. He has torn her from my dying arms. Tear her from his—revenge his unjust contumely against my truth—lose not a thought on me—not all the medicines that grow upon the mountains can restore my ebbing life, nor do I wish they should; I go to join my ever-dear Nadine.—Take thou my quiver and my arrows, and recover thy lost Eumale—my Son, revenge our wrongs, 'tis my last wish."

The distracted Wilfort, outrageous, desperate as a lion robbed of his prey, ran wildly forth, now rushing down the vallies, now straining up the hills, now listening to each passing breeze, in hopes of hearing his Eumale's voice; now loading echo with his loud laments, while day and night in their continued course passed unregarded by his deep affliction. Whole months he wandered on in this sad state; hopeless and wretched, he knew not where to shape his course, or bend his weary steps; at length, exhausted with fatigue, he found himself on the very shore where he had first been landed, and there resolved to end his hapless days a prey to sorrow for his beloved Eumale.

It happened that a French man of war, in distress for water, had sent her long-boat to search the shore for springs

the crew perceived this scarcely human object lying on a rock, and conveyed him on board their ship, where, with proper care and nourishment, he soon recovered his health, but not his happiness. The captain of the ship, who was a man of humanity, as well as rank and fortune, on hearing his uncommon adventures, settled a small pension upon the unfortunate Wilfort, who now resides at Dieppe, and from whose mouth this extraordinary narrative was taken verbatim.

BIOGRAPHY.

Our last number contained an account of the interment of the great and good RAYNOLDS, who died at Bristol, last October. We now present our readers with an extract of an eloquent speech, delivered by the rev. W. THORP, on the death of this truly good man, who is styled "an active friend of the orphan and the widow—an ornament of our nature—an honour to Bristol—a glory to the Society to which he belonged—and a blessing to the empire and the world."

"THE benevolence of RICHARD REYNOLDS, was of the highest order. It was liberal, diffusive, universal. Not narrowed by party prejudice, not bounded by the limits of party connections, it embraced the Family of Man—yea, the whole circle of living beings, endowed with a capacity of pleasure or of pain. In its contemplation of the vast, however, it did not overlook the minute; in its comprehension of the whole, it did not, like the modern philosophy, neglect the parts of which that whole is composed. Its operations were regulated by the respective claims of nature, of gratitude, of friendship, of consanguinity, of religious connections, of moral worth, and of the various degrees of wretchedness amongst the unhappy objects upon whom his bounty was bestowed.

"Proceeding, in the first instance, from compassion, it was afterwards purified by religious principle, and strengthened by a sense of his awful responsibility to the great Lord of All, for the talent with which he was intrusted. Compas-

sion, improperly cultivated, degenerates into an useless sensibility. The pleasure that attends it, soothes and deceives the heart. An interesting account of human wretchedness excites its pleasurable sympathetic emotions; the tongue utters the law of kindness; the man exults in his own virtuous sensibility, and thus becomes the dupe of self-deception. But to enter the abodes of the wretched—to examine into debts, and wants, and diseases—to encounter loathsome sights, and endure offensive smells within the very sphere of infection—to give time, and thought, and talent, and labour, and property—this is the substance and not the shadow of virtue; the pleasure of sensibility may be greater; but greater also is the danger of self-deceit.—Death-bed scenes, eloquently described, delight the imagination, but they who are most delighted, are not always the first to visit a dying neighbour, and sit up all night, and wipe away the cold sweat, and moisten the parched lip, and remove the phlegm, and contrive easy postures, and bear with fretfulness, and drop the pious thought, and console the departing spirit! Ah, no! These boasted children of sentimental benevolence, may often repair to the temple of virtue, but not to sacrifice. Extreme sensibility is a mental disease; it unfits us for relieving the miserable, and tempts us to turn away, like the cold-hearted Priest and Levite. It avoids the sight, and suppresses the thought of pain—stops the ears to the cry of indigence, passes by the house of mourning, and abandons the nearest friends, when sick, to the care of the nurse and the physician; and, when dead, to those who mourn for hire. And all this under the pretence of delicacy of feeling, and a tender heart!—Such was not the benevolence of the Bristol Philanthropist. Those acts of bounty which flow from the influence of sensibility, soon fail; like the good seed fallen on stony ground, they soon spring up, and as soon wither. But the benevolence of RICHARD REYNOLDS, purified, strengthened, and animated by Christian principle, was steady, uniform, and persevering. Neither ingratitude,

nor imposture, nor opposition, nor even the frost of age, could chill its ardours, or relax its exertions.

"It was active and industrious. His eloquence was not that of words, but of deeds. He said little but he did much. He left others to define benevolence; he studied the practice of it. While the sickly child of sensibility was weeping, he was extending relief. While philosophers were disputing whether philanthropy arise from selfishness, or instinctive tenderness, or modes of education, or the force of early and local associations, or from the combined influence of all those causes—heedless of their contentions, he was exemplifying in real life, privately and before the world, the character of a true philanthropist. Their speculations he reduced to action; their abstract notions he embodied:—and to their airy nothings he gave not only a local habitation, but a reality, a substance, and a form. Like his beloved Master, whose spirit he had imbibed and whose example he closely copied, he went about doing good.

"His beneficence was guided by wisdom and discretion. It was not scattered promiscuously and at random, but bestowed upon such objects, and in such away, as he deemed (and he was a most excellent judge) the most effective in promoting the individual and the general good. To furnish employment for the healthy and the strong; to supply the wants of the really indigent and necessitous; to ease the aching heart of the father, who, after toiling the live-long day, finds, instead of rest at home, that he is called to bear, what he is least able to bear, the cries of a numerous family demanding bread, when, he has none to give; to assuage the sorrows of poverty, overtaken by sickness, or overwhelmed with misfortune; to smooth the furrowed cheek, and make the winter of age wear the aspect of spring; to act the part of a father to helpless orphans, on whom no parent of their own ever smiled; to supply the want of sight to the blind, feet to the lame, and speech to the dumb; to rescue vice from guilt, and infamy, and ruin; and during the

season of reformation, afford a shelter from the fury of the storm; to relieve the distress, and yet spare the blushes of those who have known better days, by administering that bounty which they in the time of their prosperity were ready to administer to others—*these* were the employments of RICHARD REYNOLDS—*these* the objects of his beneficence—*these* were the offices of mercy in which he delighted! His heart told him what to do; his conscience, as the Vicegerent of Heaven, reminded him of the claims of moral obligation, and insisted that it must be done. His head devised the means, and arranged the plan of action; and his hands, obedient to the dictates of his heart, and the mandates of conscience, were ever ready to execute the plans which his head had formed. Thus his whole existence was consecrated to the cause of benevolence! If we love the modesty which concealed, the hand that bestowed the princely donation, we revere the courage which occasionally stepped forward to avow himself the donor, when his design was to stimulate others to follow his example. His whole conduct was marked by the most consummate wisdom; and left us at a loss whether to admire most the benevolence of his heart or the powers of his understanding—the deeds of mercy which he performed, or the manner in which he performed them.

"All this prudence and benevolence was adorned with modesty and humility. So far was he from being inflated with the pride of wealth, that he spoke the genuine sentiments of his heart, when he said to a friend who applied to him with a case of distress, 'My talent is the meanest of all talents—a little soot-dust, but the man in the parable, who had but one talent, was accountable; and for the talent that I possess, humble as it is, I am also accountable to the great LORD of ALL.' His bounty was not the result of fear, like the obedience of a slave who trembles under the scourge of a haughty tyrant. It was not excited by the prospect of remuneration, nor extorted by the dread of punishment, nor performed with a view to merit as

inheritance in the kingdom of Heaven. All such sentiments he rejected with abhorrence—placed his whole dependence for eternal life upon the sovereign mercy of God, through the propitiatory sacrifice of his Redeemer; and if the gates of heaven had been closed, and the flames of hell extinguished, he would have loved mercy, and delighted in acts of charity! He laid claim to no distinctions, assumed no airs of superiority, and never attempted to catch the public eye, by an ostentatious display of extraordinary excellence. His goodness often descended in secret, and, like the Providence of heaven, concealed the hand that sent the relief.—He was a burning and a shining light, and would have no man know it. But he could not be hid. To hide goodness like his was impossible. How have I seen the good man shrink within himself, and his venerable countenance crimsoned with the blush of modesty when the mention of his name has been hailed in this place with a thunder of applause!

“His charity was of heavenly origin, and bore the impress of his Maker’s image. It was derived from an immediate union with the greatest of all beings, and the fountain of all happiness; and as the mind naturally assimilates itself to those objects with which it is familiarly conversant, by immediate intercourse with his God, he caught the resemblance of his glory. For God is love; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him. His body was the Temple of the Holy Ghost; built indeed with a lowly roof, but attended with Cherubim and Seraphim. There an altar was erected to the living God, whence the flame of devotion, and the incense of praise, ascended day and night. In that Temple, as in the Jewish Sanctuary, the Shekinah, the visible symbol of a present Deity, was enshrined above the mercy seat, and occasionally shone forth, and shed a glory all around. In his measure he was filled with the fullness of God.

“No wonder if a benevolence like his was a source of happiness to himself, as well as of relief to others. It was a

spring, shut up—a fountain sealed—a garden enclosed, which the eagle’s eye never saw, and the foot of the unclean beast never trod. Enamoured with the charms of Virtue, he delighted to behold her native beauties; and to obey her sweet commands. He practiced benevolence, for the sake of the pleasure with which the practice of it was attended. He felt a luxury in doing good, and he determined to enjoy that luxury. His own experience taught him, that the God of Mercy who formed the heart of man to be the dispenser of his bounty, has ordained, that like the vital fluid, which goes from the heart, to diffuse life and genial warmth through the whole system, it should return, in the course of circulation, impoverished, but enriched, to the source whence it flowed. His goodness might sometimes be requitted with evil, but this moved him not. He knew that no deed of mercy could be wasted, that some ministering angel is stationed in every department of the moral world, to gather up the fragments that fall from the table of benevolence, that nothing may be lost.—Actuated by these noble principles, he held on his glorious career, still scattering blessings around him, until he resigned his meek and gentle spirit into the hands of his Redeemer; to enjoy the fullness of his love, and to behold the brightness of his glory, in the regions of eternal day. By relieving the miserable, he made himself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, many of whom had gone before him, and have now hailed him as their benefactor, on his arrival into everlasting habitations.

“Now, Sir, let us turn aside, and visit the sacred place where his remains are deposited until the Heavens are no more. Low lies the hoary head that was crowned with glory! Dim, and no more with ardour bright, are those eyes, which once beamed with kindness and with love! Cold and silent as the clod of the valley is that heart, that glowed and beat with the purest affection! Torpid and benumbed are those feet, that carried him to the hovel of anguish and despair, and those hands

which so often hushed the orphan's cries, and wiped away the widow's tear! In ruins and desolation lies that temple where God took up his dwelling, and shed abroad the effusions of his love! But shall this edifice always lie in ruins? No! The Holy Spirit will rebuild the sanctuary which he once honored with his presence, in a more glorious form—as the tabernacle in the wilderness was taken down, to be erected on a more magnificent scale on the mount of Zion. But this I say, Brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of Heaven, neither can corruption inherit incorruption. Behold I shew you a mystery! We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump. For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised. Corruption shall put on incorruption, and mortality shall put on immortality. Thus, incorruptible and immortal, formed and fashioned after the model of the glorious body of his Redeemer, shall Reynolds rise from the dust; and before assembled worlds, be placed at the right hand of the SOVEREIGN JUDGE. Then he that sitteth upon the Throne, in his own Glory, and in the Glory of his Father, with all the Angels of God around him, will say to the man whom we loved, *'Come, thou blessed of my Father and inherit the kingdom prepared for thee from before the foundations of the world. For I was an hungered, and thou gavest me meat—I was thirsty, and thou gavest me drink—I was naked, and thou clothed me—I was a stranger, and thou tookedst me in—I was sick and in prison, and thou visitedst me.'* Still adorned with that modesty for which he was so conspicuous, in the vale of sorrows, he replies, *'Oh, my Lord! when saw I thee hungry, and thirsty, and naked, and a stranger, and sick, and in prison, and ministered unto thee.'* Then shall the King say, *'For as much as thou hast done it unto the least of these my brethren thou hast done it unto me; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'*

[This admirable display of eloquence was frequently interrupted by bursts of applause.]

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

The Richmond Inquirer gives several letters from a young American naval-officer in the Mediterranean squadron, (a native of Richmond) from which the following interesting passages are selected.

FROM GIBRALTER, JULY 10.

"The view which presents itself from the harbor of Syracuse, has more of grandeur and sublimity than any to be possibly conceived.—The venerable heaps of hoary ruin, overlooked by the snowy crest of old Etna, reflecting the rising sun, form a collection of sublime and lovely objects, transcendently wonderful, and calculated to inspire the dullest, most vapid mind, with sentiments of awe and reverence.—When I beheld this scene, I could scarce contain an exclamation of rapture and delight.—Surely a pious and exalted mind would have enjoyed the most enviable and holy pleasure in the contemplation of such objects. Added to all this, the scene is graced with tints of a softer, lovelier nature. A rich and almost immeasurable meadow presents itself, adorned with the finest cultivation, and intersected by a stream on whose banks the finest cattle in the world are ever grazing. Indeed it is a fairy spot; but *time ambition, and oppression*, have soiled it with their deepest tinge, and all those beauties are lavished on a race of corrupt and degraded wretches.

"We sailed from Syracuse to Messina; of that place, and the view as you proceed up to Faro, I have spoke of in a previous letter; so we will commence with Malta; of which you have so often read, celebrated as the long and well defended strong hold of the knights. It is now in the hands of different masters, who are as much for them, as you or I for Don Quixotte or his squire. The fairy islands of Calypso, now Coso, is only fives miles from Malta, though by no means corresponding with its former character of flowery banks, eternal springs, &c.

"La Valette, the capital of the island, and residence of the governor, is second in strength only to Gibraltar. I was

but a few hours ashore, and had only an opportunity of visiting one or two curiosities. The church of St. John is celebrated as having been one of the richest in Europe. It was built by the knights of Malta, and has twelve separate chapels, vying with each other in splendor and magnificence, and allotted to the different nations to which some of their distinguished order belonged. All its ornaments, such as statues, gratings, candlesticks, &c. were formerly of solid silver, but it was rifled by the French, who carried off, according to the story of the Maltese, a frigate ballasted with its spoils. A gate and railing of silver still remain round one of the altars, which, with many other ornaments, were painted black, to deceive the plunderers, and thus preserved. However, every thing falls short of the tapestry work, of which the execution is so exquisite, that it requires the nicest observation to distinguish it from the most delicate touches of the pencil. It is all on crimson velvet, representing the birth and most remarkable scenes in the history of our Saviour down to his crucifixion. The floors are of the most curious and beautiful Mosaic, composed of the tombs of all the knights, whose remains are deposited, in which are inlaid a thousand singular beautiful devices. The palace is a handsome and extensive building; it has a fine library, and one of the best armories in Europe. These I did not see; however, I have as good a right to mention things I never saw, as Sterne, who occupied five pages with the description of Calais, which he reached after dark, and left before day-light."

From Naples, August 21.

"I have been highly gratified and delighted in visiting many of these curiosities, which my short stay, when we were here last summer, prevented my seeing. The king's palace at Portici, the ruins of Baia, the museum, &c. were all sources of renewed pleasure and satisfaction. The palace was superbly decorated by Murat, and shows, among its finest ornaments, his portrait, with

that of Joseph Bonaparte, his wife and children, that of Napoleon and his mother, specimens of exquisite execution. The apartments are all superb; that of madam Murat, particularly. The gardens are decorated with equal taste and magnificence. The museum of Naples produces some rare collections in painting and sculpture; the former are modern, and from the hands of the best masters in Europe; among them some productions of Raphael, M. Angelo, &c. The statues are mostly from Pompeia and Herculaneum—a few from Rome. They are numerous, some equestrian, colossal; besides many busts.

"The ruins of Baia require a longer description. We obtained permission to go in one of the ship's cutters, so we had nothing to hurry us. We got a guide from Puzzoli, and passed by Caligula's bridge, 13 arches of which are still above water. It was intended to join Baia and Puzzoli, but it was never completed except by boats and spars, which were soon washed away.

"We passed in sight of Mount Barbara, where the Romans got their Falernian wine, of which we read of so much, particularly in Horace. We landed where Fort Julia formerly stood, which was destroyed at the same time that Solfatara sunk, by the sudden appearance of Monte Nuevo, which filled up its mote, of which some remains are still seen. Here we saw the Locrian lake, where were preserved the fine oysters for the luxurious Romans. About a mile beyond this is lake Avernus, of which the ancients give such a horrid description. It is now a harmless lake, remarkable only for the ruins on its borders. A temple of Apollo still remains on one side; its venerable ruins, moss grown, still defying time and weather. On the opposite shore to the temple, is the grotto of Sybils, as remarkable as the story of its priestesses. We entered a cavity at the foot of a high hill, and descending gradually about 40 yards, were conducted by our guides, each having a torch, down a gloomy narrow passage hewn in rock. I assure you, had I been at all inclined

to superstitious fears, this was as fair a subject to exercise them, as any you can well conceive. We soon arrived to water, when on the backs of our guides we were transported to the baths of the priestesses, the appearance of which was no more inviting than the other apartments. We retired through another avenue equally difficult and disagreeable, leading through the hill.—We were next arrested in our progress by Nero's baths. After ascending a high hill, and entering a cavity as before, we were conducted down a narrow regular descent several hundred feet 'till we were stopped by the boiling spring.—From the moment I entered, I was in a profuse perspiration, the steam continued more oppressive, and after reaching the bottom, as soon as the guide got a bucket of water and threw the eggs we had provided in, I was glad to make my retreat; in 2 1-2 minutes, the eggs were boiled, and it is remarkable that however long they are kept in this boiling spring, they never become hard, always continuing in the most delightful consistency.

"Below, on a level with the sea, are baths of a milder temperature, and the land on the beach below this hill, tho' covered constantly with cold water, is so hot as to be scarcely supportable to the touch. We next visited the temples of Venus, Mercury and Diana.—The walls are of brick, and yet stand! In that of Mercury, there is a remarkable echo in one of the apartments, justly termed the *whispering room*; by placing the mouth close to the wall, the slightest whisper can be as distinctly heard on the opposite side (60 feet) as if spoken in the loudest tone. The apartments adjacent to the temples are generally in a more perfect state.—Hence we proceed to the tomb of Agrippa; it is but little injured, though not cleared of the rubbish; its interior has been elegant. We were thence conducted to Nero's prison—a dismal horrid place, well adapted to the complexion of his crimes. The reservoir of Paoli, where the Roman fleet used to

water, is immense and capacious, sup-

ported by 42 stupendous arches. Then, to wind up our fatigues, as the ancients in their mortal career, we were conducted to the river Styx and the Elysian Fields; the former, by eruptions, convulsions, &c. is now reduced to a small lake; the latter is converted to a vineyard, not half so decent a receptacle as fiddlers' green, allotted to sailors.—Thus have I, a second Æneas, visited both Hell and Elysium; and though I was not gratified with a dish of chat, no doubt experienced otherwise as much satisfaction, and will spin as long a yarn as he.

"We also got a view of the scite of Cicero's villa, and of the palaces of Julius Cæsar, Nero, and Scylla. A great part of ancient Baia, is now under water, and can plainly be seen in passing from one place to another in boats.

"In contemplating these venerable ruins, I have experienced much gratification, and been taught a wise lesson of the frailty of earthly hopes. In ascending the rugged path to fame, our best support is but a brittle reed, and that course of conduct which ensures us happiness, is alone to be aimed at."

VARIETY.

WISDOM.

Two ages are required for all of us: one to gain experience and another to profit by it. For men frequently lose the principal portion of their existence in vain pursuits and idle speculations, before they acquire the power of duly estimating the value of security, innocence, and content.—One of the attendants of wisdom is a mild and unaffected humility. He, who sows in humility, reaps in honour; humility being the companion of wisdom, as vanity and presumption are the companions of folly.

HAPPINESS.

Not only on health, on virtue, and on content, but on a partial knowledge of difficulty and misfortune, does happiness depend: for it is as much impossible to

be permanently happy without a previous acquaintance with adversity, as it is to arrive at excellance in military science, without acquiring a practical knowledge of discipline and tactics.---As the carbuncle retains its colour in the hottest fire; as the vine produces the best fruits from the worst of wood; and as the cypress resists putrefaction through the medium of its bitterness, so every unmerited affliction contributes to our future happiness, with as natural an effect as that, which directs that every stroke, which the file endures, should contribute to its brightness.

MISFORTUNE—FORTITUDE—NATURE.

Deserving not the scorn of others in his difficulties; possessing the greatness of mind, which can reason while it suffers; and conscious of the energy, which a career of difficulty and danger imparts to the character, the man, whom nature has the power to charm, admits faith in the ultimate justice of heaven and his panacea: and while he reasons he hopes, and while he hopes, the pain which he suffered is, not unfrequently, converted into pleasure. Thus, while sitting on the rocks of Juan Fernandez, watching the last rays of the sun empurpling all the west, even Selkirk, rude and unlettered as he was, might often experience society in his solitude, and pleasure in his heart.

RICHES,

Like the garnet, is subject to many faults and many blemishes! since an inordinate love of them banishes truth and justice from the mind; holds the world a slave; and forms a golden crucifix in every meaner breast. For at this ignoble and unhallowed shrine, flies every generous motive, and all that is dear to an honourable man.

Wide wasting pest! that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of
mankind!

The greatest of wealth consists in the contempt of riches; for though a poor man may want many things, yet

as an avaricious one wants all things, the former must, of necessity be the richer of the two.

HAYMAN, THE PAINTER,

Lost his wife, who had been ordered to France for the benefit of her health. Some time after her death, on looking over the charges for her funeral, he said to Paine, the Architect, who was his particular friend, and who knew the indifferent terms on which they lived, at the same time shrugging up his shoulders:—"Well, I ought not to grumble, for she would have paid such a bill for me with pleasure."

THE INWARD MONITOR.

From FILLWYN'S Reflections.

An Indian related, that having got some money, he was, on his way home, tempted to stop at a tavern and buy some rum; but, said he, pointing to his breast, "I have a good boy, and a bad boy, here; and the good boy say, John, don't you stop there—the bad boy say, poh! John never mind, you love a good dram; the good boy say, no John, you know what a fool you made yourself, when you got drunk there before;—don't do so again.—When I come to the tavern, the bad boy say, come John, take one dram; it won't hurt you—the good boy, say, no John, if you take one dram, then you take another—then I don't know what to do; and the good boy say, run John, hard as you can—so I run away, and then be sure, I feel very glad."

The master of a vessel may make a pretty respectable figure on deck, with a leading gale and small sea: but the time for trying his courage and competency for command, is in violent head winds and midnight storms, when one error in management or direction, may be fatal to ship and cargo. The mere theory of navigation makes but a poor seaman,

A firm belief in a future state is a great consolation to a good man.

Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

To——.

Oh Lady! touch those chords again,
Yet once more breathe that soothing strain;
For when with grief my soul's oppress,
Music can lull its cares to rest;
Can chase each sad'ning thought away,
And leave me vision's light and gay:
Then Lady touch those chords again,
Oh once more breathe that soothing strain.

Let the chieftain in war delight,
And think but of the bloody fight,
Dreaming he hears the cannons' roar:
He sighs to reach some hostile shore,
And only lists to strains that call,
Him where with Glory he may fall:
But touch for me those chords again,
Oh Lady breathe once more that strain.

Give the votary of wine his bowl,
For that alone can charm his soul,
To him who only dreams of wealth,
Who gold prefers to ease or health,
Give the object for which he sighs:
The charms of song he cannot prize:
But breathe again those strains for me,
For they from care my breast can free.

No strains can charm the Lover's ear,
But those which praise his mistress dear,
Then give him strains that paint her fair,
With coral lips and golden hair,
Teeth that rival the pearl's pure white,
And eyes than diamonds far more bright:
But breathe once more those notes for me,
For they from care my breast can free.

M.

ON WOMAN.

When first to insulated man was given,
That priceless gem, the fairest meed of
Heaven,
The bounteous Donor formed his boon complete,
And render'd each to each a helpmate meet.

To man, "creation's lord," he gave
Strength to protect, to succour and to save;

In woman's form, he bade soft beauty grow,
The eye's bright fire, the cheek's enchant-
ing glow;

This, fram'd to shield his fair associate's
charms,
And that, to bless her brave protector's
arms.

In either sex with nicest skill, he trac'd
The son of genius, and the child of taste;
Here bade each open, manly virtue grow,
There taught each tender female grace to
glow:

The one in action, one in suffering great,
This learn'd to conquer, that to bear with
fate.

• •

Man shines abroad—the world's his proper
sphere,

But woman's worth at home beams doubly
clear;

Man's well strung heart, and bold, athletic
form

Can brave each toil, and breast the wreck-
ing storm;

Him nature fram'd the earth's broad stage
to roam,

But bade sweet woman act her part—at
home.

There in the gloomy hour of adverse fate
Her willing skill can lighten sorrow's
weight;

There when the lurking fever fires each
vein,

Woman, kind nurse, soothes ev'ry madd'-
ning pain;

There the friend's truth, the mistress' warmth
we find,

The wife's fond love and mother's care com-
bin'd;

There the fair buds of pure affection blow,
And bloom to man a Paradise below.

THE TURKISH LADY.

'Twas the hour when rights unholy
Call'd each Paynim voice to prayer,
And the star that faded slowly,
Left to dews the freshen'd air.
Day, her sultry fires had wasted,
Calm and sweet the moonlight rose;
Ev'n a captive's spirit tasted
Half oblivion of his woes.
Then 'twas from an Emir's palace,
Came an Eastern lady bright;

she, in spite of tyrants jealous,
Saw and loved an English knight.

"Tell me captive, why in anguish
"Foes have dragg'd thee here to dwell,
"Where poor christians as they languish,
"Hear no sound of Sabbath bell!"

"'Twas on Transylvania's Banner,
"When the crescent shone afar,
"Like a pale disastrous planet
"O'er the purple tide of war.

"In that day of desolation,
"Lady I was captive made;
"Bleeding for my christian nation
"By the walls of high Belgrade."

"Captive, could the brightest Jewel
"From my turban set thee free?"
"Lady, no! the gift were cruel,
"Ransomed, yet if 'rest of thee.

"Say fair princess, would it grieve thee,
"Christian climes should we behold?"
"Nay bold knight I would not leave thee,
"Were thy ransom paid in gold."

Now in Heaven's blue expansion
Rose the midnight star to view,
When to quit her father's mansion,
Thrice she wept and bade adieu!

"Fly we, then, while none discover!
"Tyrant barks in vain ye ride!"
Soon at Rhodes, the British lover
Clasp'd his blooming Eastern bride.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

Of all professions that this world has known,
From clowns and cobblers upwards to the
throne;

From the grave architect of Greece and
Rome,

Down to the framer of a farthing broom,
The worst for care and undeserv'd abuse,
The first in real dignity and use,

(If skill'd to teach, and diligent to rule)
Is the learn'd master of a little school.

Not he who guides the legs, or skills the
clown

To square his fists, and knock his fellow
down;

Not he who shows the still more barbarous
art

To parry thrusts and pierce the unguarded
heart;

But that good man, who, faithful to his
charge,

Still toils the opening reason to enlarge:
And leads the growing mind, through every
stage,

From humble A, B, C, to God's own page;
From black, rough pot-hooks, horrid to the
sight,

To fairest lines that float o'er purest white:
From NUMERATION, through an opening
way,

Till dark ANNUITIES seem clear as day:
Pours o'er the mind a flood of mental light,
Expands its wings, and gives it powers for
flight,

Till earth's remotest bounds, and heaven's
bright train

He trace, weigh, measure, picture and ex-
plain,

If such his toil, sure honour and regard,
And wealth and fame will be his dear re-
ward;

Sure every tongue will utter forth his praise,
And blessing gild the evening of his days
Yes!—Blest indeed, by cold ungrateful
scorn,

With study pale, by daily crosses worn,
Despised by those who to his labours owe
All that they read, and almost all they
know:

Condemn'd, each tedious day, such cares to
bear

As well might drive even Patience to des-
pair:

The partial parent's taunt—the idler dull—
The blockhead's dark impenetrable scull,
The endless round of A, B, C's whole-
train,

Repeated o'er ten thousand times in vain,
Plac'd on a point, the object of each sneer,

His faults enlarge, his merits disappear:
If mild—'Our lazy master loves his ease,

'The boys at school do any thing they
please."

If rigid—'He's a cross, hard-hearted
wretch,

'He drives the children stupid with his
birch.

'My child with gentle means, will mind a
breath,

'But frowns and floggings frighten him to
death.'

Do as he will his conduct is arraigned,
And dear the little that he gets is gain'd:

Ev'n that is given him, on the quarter day
 With looks that call it—money thrown away
 Just Heav'n who knows the unremitting care
 And deep solicitude that teachers share,
 If such their fate, by thy divine control,
 O give them health and fortitude of soul !
 Souls that disdain the murderous tongue of
 fame,
 And strength to make the sturdiest of them
 tame ;
 Grant this, ye powers ; to Dominies dis-
 trest,
 Their sharp tail'd hickories, will do the rest.

NEW-YORK,
 SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1816.

Intelligence.

On the 10th ult. the British transport ship Harpooner, capt. Bryant, having on board 385 men, women and children, (besides the ship's complement) belonging to different British regiments, from Quebec bound to England, was cast away, and totally lost near Cape Pine, (Island of Newfoundland,) by which melancholy accident 208 perished.—The ship is said "to have struck at nine o'clock at night ; after which the wind increased and blew a heavy gale ; the masts were cut away, and the large boats stove to pieces soon after she struck. The stern boat having been lowered down, some of the crew succeeded in getting on shore, but could not return through the great surf. The vessel lay on her beam ends, and the sea made a passage over her. At this time she took fire in the cabin, by the candle falling on some spirits, and by the fire from the cabin stove ; the water soon extinguished it. The people collected on deck, clinging to the weather side, and other parts of the ship, forming a solid mass.

"After many fruitless attempts, they at last succeeded in getting a rope on shore from the stern, by tying it to a dog which happened to be on board, who swam with it to the shore about day light ; when the strongest made

their way over the heads of the rest, to take advantage of the only means left to save themselves, by this rope. Many perished on the deck ; others were washed overboard with parts of the wreck when the ship fell to pieces, about eleven o'clock, A. M. most of whom were drowned. Her parting was noticed by those on shore, and signified by them with the most dreadful cry of "Go forward !" It is difficult to paint the horror of the scene. Children clinging to their parents for help ; parents themselves struggling with death, and stretching out their feeble arms to save their children dying within their grasp."

A letter from one of the sufferers, says, "One young lady, the daughter of the surgeon, lost her father, mother, brother and two sisters ; another lady, Mrs. Wilson, her husband, son and two daughters ; Lieut. Mylrea, his wife and two daughters ; and the senior officer, capt. Prime, his three sons. The baggage and property of the embarked, was valuable—the savings of many years—and promised comfort to the owners when retired from the service—numbers had passed 40 years in his Majesty's employ."

On Monday forenoon a well dressed man called a hand-cart-man, and took him to a store in Central-street, in Boston, where he directed him to take away a bale of goods, which lay in the lower part of the store. While the hand-cart-man was getting the bale into his cart, a clerk in the counting-room accidentally noticed him, opened a window and called to him. The man at this moment told the hand-cart-man to stay where was, and walked deliberately away, pretending that he should come back immediately. He soon turned a corner of the street, and has not been seen since.—*Boston D. Adv.*

The Philadelphia Gazette, says, "another most villainous attempt to set fire to the city of Philadelphia was made in the course of Friday night. The villains got into the rear of those valuable stores in Market, between

Fourth and Fifth-streets, by clambering over the walls; and appear very deliberately to have kindled a fire in the cellar window of Messrs. Cope's store. Fortunately did not spread, or the loss of property might have been immense. What would have added to the conflagration in that neighborhood, is, that a gun-powder warehouse is not many yards distant from the spot. It may not be improper, while noticing this subject, to recommend to the patrols particular vigilance in examining the different alleys, courts, &c. where the midnight incendiaries are most probably lurking.

Another serious warning to parents & house keepers, is exhibited in a truly melancholy event which lately occurred in the neighborhood of Batavia, in this state. It appears that two little children were left asleep by their parents, while they paid a visit to a neighbor. The mother on her return found her dwelling completely enveloped in flames, and her children fuel to the devouring element!—On searching for their bones the next day they were found, one in one corner of the room, and the other in the other corner; which circumstance adds a poignancy to the event, as it proves that the little unfortunates not only suffered death, but its horrors also.

Late news received at Port-au-Prince, from the Spanish Maine, represent the contest of the Patriots to be very successful.

"A bold stroke for a" woman—On Monday evening a respectable shop-keeper, having occasion to pass across the Collect in his way home; was accosted by a female, and asked protection of his company, as the way was somewhat lonesome; which was, of course readily granted. Being about half way across the Collect, the female was observed to linger a little, and just as the gentleman was about to enquire the reason, a ruffian in female attire threw off a cloak, and at the same moment levelled a blow with a large club

at his head, which brought him senseless to the ground. When he recovered his recollection, he found his watch gone and his pockets rifled—Happily he escaped any very serious personal injury.—*E. Post.*

On Monday last, a most melancholy accident occurred on board a new Elizabethtown Steam Boat, in this city previous to her leaving the wharf, by the bursting of one of her boilers; by which two sons of Mr. John Wait, jun. of this city, the eldest about 8 years old, were scalded to death.

NUPTIAL.

MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. Blatchford, Mr. Thomas Hamilton, to Miss Margaret Griffith, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Strong, capt. Daniel Maloney, of Boston, to Miss Eleanor Fitzgerald, of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Spring, Mr. John C. Halsey, to Miss Marian M'Lean.

By the rev. Mr. Bryon, Wm. F. Kerr, of (N. J.) to Miss Sally R. Griffing, daughter of Capt. Joseph Griffing, of Guilford, Conn.

At New-Jersey, by the rev. Mr. Croos, Mr. John Hammell, merchant, of this city, to Miss Hellenia D. Freneau, daughter of Philip Freneau, esq.

OBITUARY.

The City Inspector reports the death of 98 persons during two Weeks, ending the 14th inst.

DIED.

Mrs. Elizabeth Romain, wife of Mr. Jacob Romain.

Mrs. Rachel Hewett, wife of Josephus Hewett.

Mr. Edward Huntington, Attorney at Law.

Mrs. Abigail Tombs, wife of captain Andrew Tombs.

Suddenly, Miss Maria Tombs, aged 22, eldest daughter of capt. Andrew Tombs.

Mrs. Barfe, aged 63, relict of the late Mr. Thomas Barfe, of Brooklyn, L. I.

At Greenwich, Conn. aged 46, Abael N. Lewis, esq. of this city.

EXPIATORY MONUMENT.

PARIS, October 17.

THE inauguration of the Expiatory Monument, erected in the Conciegerie, to the memory of her Majesty MARIA ANTONIETTE, Queen of France, took place yesterday about 11 o'clock. The interior of the Chapel, covered with black cloth, furnished only by a few lamps, and a lustre of an ancient form, presented an appearance sombre and majestic.—The expiatory altar is raised upon the very spot, where the royal victim sustained, with so much courage, all the moral and physical sufferings, which could overwhelm a Wife, a Mother, and a Queen.

A spectator would behold, with lively emotions of grief, a picture placed in the Chapel. It represented this place such as it was when the Queen was detained there a prisoner.—You behold there the daughter of the Cæsars, the widow of the King of France, standing and imploring Heaven, by the side of a miserable bed of straw, which constituted almost all her furniture. Two frames were also prepared for two other pictures, one of which will represent the Queen at the moment they separated her from her family, and the other will represent her writing to Madame Elizabeth.

The assembly who assisted at this ceremony was composed of General Officers, Public Functionaries, and many Ladies—all of whom were in deep mourning;—it was perceived by the melancholy painted on their countenances that they were brought there, not by idle curiosity, but by the purest attachment for the Bourbon family.

The following is a translation of the Inscription upon the Monument above mentioned :

Here rests

MARIA-ANTOINETTE-JOSEPHINE, JANE,

Princess of Austria, the

Widow of Louis XVI.

After seeing her husband murdered,

Her children torn from her,

Herself thrown into prison,

Overwhelmed for seventy-six days with grief,
with mourning, and with misery ;

But

Supported by her virtue,
She shew herself as well in chains, as upon
The throne,

Always above fortune—
Condemned to execution,
By the most criminal of men.

In presence of Death,
She left in this place,

An eternal testimony of Piety, Courage, and
Even Virtue.

The 16th of October, 1793.

The Throne being finally re-established,
This prison, changed into a sanctuary,
Was consecrated

The year of our Lord, 1816, the 22d year
Of the reign of Louis XVIII,
Under the direction of the Prefect and the
Magistrates of the Municipality.

The Count of Cœzes being Minister of
General Police,
Whoever you are,
Adore, admire and pray.

Mr. Johnson, in the early part of his life, was particularly fond of play; and had a dispute with the marker of a billiard table, about *ten shillings and a penny*, which the latter said he owed for games—but Johnson, not recollecting the circumstance, refused to pay it, tho' often solicited. While performing Simon on Dublin Theatre, where the verses of one of his songs concluded with, *Sing hey down derry---Sing hey down derry---* to his great astonishment he was always answered by the marker from the gallery, with, *Pay me Jack Johnson, my Ten and a Penny---my Ten and a Penny*. This curious way of demanding payment had the desired effect, and forced the hero to comply.

THE MUSEUM

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